OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Suwanee's Feat at Aquadores.

"HERE comes that old tub, the Suwanee, rockin' like a hobby horse; I wonder what she thinks she's going to do," said "Jimmy Legs," of the Gloucester, derisively.

"Jimmy Legs" is the name that belongs by right of immemorial custom to the master-at-arms of men-o'-war, the policeman of the fo'castle, the chief petty officer who "runs" liberty breakers and other offenders to the mast and keeps order generally among the crew.

"That miserable converted lighthouse tender's always pokin' 'round where she's not wanted," said one of the coal passers, who happened to be on deck and who wanted to appear to know about naval affairs. "She couldn't hit the side of a Spanish barn door, and as for 'converted,' I don't believe she's any more converted than you are, Scotty."

This raised a laugh at Scotty's expense, but as Scotty's only language was a broad Scotch dialect his severe reply was lost on the bystanders.

Exactly why the Gloucester's crew did not like the Suwanee would have been hard to say. I think it was because the Suwanee tried to patronize us. We could have stood this from the New York or the Oregon, or even the second-class battleship Texas, but when it came to being patronized by a lean, lanky, lumbering lighthouse tender, that looked like a distorted Egyptian duck escaped from a mural decoration, we drew the line.

Moreover, the Suwanee was encroaching on our preserves. The fort at Aquadores we considered our private target. In a sense, we had discovered it, for before our arrival on the blockading station no one had paid any attention to this quiet little outpost a mile and a half east of Moro Castle, nestled innocently down in a cut in the abrupt coast line.

Every morning at 4 o'clock, when the sun relieved the night watch aboard the Gloucester, we would find ourselves lying close in shore, within a quarter of a mile of the fort and the railroad bridge at its foot. Slowly, reluctantly, we would move out to our day station, hardly able to resist the temptation to let fly a six-pounder at the picturesque mass of gray stone, behind which we almost thought to catch the glint of angry Spanish eyes. Day after day this training of self-restraint continued, until at last one evening we received permission from Admiral Sampson to attack the place the next morning. At the time we did not even know its name.

On July 1, as we lay off Aquadores, the Suwanee, for the first time, came inquisitively puffing and steaming up to learn what was going on. The crew of the Gloucester resented this as unjustified trespass, and poked all manner of fun at the unconscious little lighthouse tender, whose big five-inch guns made her stagger like a drunken man. But the despised ugly duckling held a big surprise in store for us.

We lay in quite close to shore, not over a quarter of a mile from the fort, and the Suwanee took up position three hundred yards to the east and slightly farther distant from the land. The flagship New York lay a mile or so out to sea, calmly watching us. Suddenly the ball opened.

A Spaniard was sighted in a small cave-like opening directly at the foot of the fort, presumably the exit of an underground passageway from above, and our executive officer, Lieut. Harry P. Huse, called to the captain of the little bow three-pounder to try a shot at the foolhardy soldier. Bang! went the gun, and everyone craned forward to watch the effect.

One, two seconds passed, and then rose a cloud of earth and dust right in the mouth of the cave, where an instant before the Spaniard had been standing. At the sound of the gun he had drawn quickly back, but whether he succeeded in getting out of the way of the missile is a question. At all events he did not make a second appearance.

And now the Suwanee began to take part in the game. With a dull, deep roar her port five-inch gun sent a shell whistling through the air to land on the hill above the fort, and to throw up a mass of harmless dirt and stone. The gunner had not yet got the range. Bang! bang! went our three-pounders and six-pounders in a high treble, so to speak, to be answered by the bass of the heavier guns of the Suwanee, which fired about one shot to our two. For a while the gun continued at a lively pace.

We were lying with our port side to the land, so, in order to preclude jealousy, the gun crews from the starboard battery were occasionally shifted over to the port guns and allowed a few shots to ease their bursting desire. It was hard, however, after this brief career of glory, to go back to private life. Very few of the shots from either the Gloucester or the Suwanee went far wide of the mark.

By experience we had learned the futility of firing our light shells at the masonry of the fort itself or at the little railroad bridge. We could hit the fort, but we could not knock it down; whereas, apparently, we could not even hit the bridge. At least our shells made no impression on it even if they did strike it. Moreover, the Spaniards had been kind enough to demolish one end of the bridge by dynamite a few nights previously, so there was no object in shooting at it.

We, therefore, confined our attention to the wrecks of the little tin sheds and to a low, broad thatched roof at the foot of the fort, under which the garrison had sought shelter from the sun in happier days. As for attempting to knock down the flagstaff, it seemed utter folly. There was about as much chance of hitting the staff itself as of counting the steps of a running centipede, and our guns were not heavy enough to undermine the pile of rock and earth around its base.

The Suwanee, however, in the pride of possession of a 5-inch gun and in the confidence of ignorance, sought to sweep peremptorily the fort and all it contained from the sight of man. Her shots threw up a good deal more dirt than ours, but the resultant damage was by no means commensurate with the noise and hurlyburly.

Half way down the slope commences the fort, which consists of a castellated wall following the fall of the land in three steps almost down to the water's edge. On the middle step stands a miniature tower, and on the highest point above waved the red and yellow flag in defiance of the Stars and Stripes. The railroad from Siboney, on the east, after crossing the bridge necessitated by an indentation of the land at this point, disappears behind the promontory and continues an invisible course toward Santiago. Altogether, the scene is very romantic.

But we were not there for romance. We were concerned with the harsh realities of warfare, and in the poetry of war there is no such line as "Gunner, spare this fort!" In fact, we were much disappointed when the flagship signaled to cease the bombardment after it had continued about half an hour.

"Look at that!" growled an old man-of-war's-man. "Stoppin' us just when we were going to knock the old thing to smithereens."

"Why the mischief can't the admiral mind his own business?" grumbled another angry Gloucester man, totally unconscious of the humor of his speech.

But, see, there's a signal at the yardarm of the Suwanee. What can she want? May—I—knock—down—the—flagstaff? Our chief quartermaster translated the signal for us, and a shout of laughter went up from the crew. May I knock down the flagstaff? Impudence! Can't come within fifty feet of it! Such was the unanimous opinion aboard the Gloucester.

However, the admiral, who, it seems, was much amused, decided to humor the ambitious request. "You may have three shots," came the answering signal, as one tells a small child he may have three cherries.

Bang! went the Suwanee's port five-inch gun, and a moment later a geyser of dirt on the hillside above the fort showed that the shot had gone wide of the mark. An officer was sighting the gun, we could see, but did not learn till later that it was Lieutenant Blue, who had already distinguished himself by reconnoitering the neighboring coasts in the dress of a Cuban.

Suddenly, as the Suwanee was sinking into the hollow of the sea, just as we least expected it, there was a flash and a roar, and the third and last shot had been fired.

For a moment there was breathless silence aboard the Gloucester; then the crew broke into a ringing cheer as amid a cloud of dirt and stones the flagstaff tottered and fell and carried the flag to earth. Lieutenant Blue had redeemed the boast of the Suwanee and brought down the first Spanish flag in Cuba.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

Answer to Last Week's Lighthouse Puzzle.

Jack benimble ~ Jack be quick Jack jump over the candle-stick

Can You Find the Six Answers Which Are Hidden in the Picture?

How Coldfeet Won His Name and His Wealth

ALONG time ago, in Ireland, there lived a boy whom every one called Coldfeet, although his real name was John.

The reason that he was called Coldfeet was because when he was a little boy he grew so fast that there wasn't room in the house for his feet. Poor things! they had to sleep out of doors, and in the winter time they would get very cold and shiver and shake, but it didn't make any difference; they just had to stay out in the cold, because the house was not large enough for John and his feet. That was the way he came to be called Coldfeet.

Could you guess how much Coldfeet would have to eat? You can imagine that it must have been a great deal, because Coldfeet was a very big boy. It took a sheep a day, besides all the vegetables his mother could pick up in a year. At last she grew tired of trying to get him something to eat, and one day she said to him: "Now, my son, you are old enough to go out to seek your fortune. You have eaten all of the sheep on this mountain, and if you stay here you will starve. Cut down the witch hazel tree that grows by the gate and take it for your staff; it will keep you from all harm and guide you to a place where you will do great things."

Coldfeet cut down the tree and, after saying good-by to his mother and promising her to come back as soon as he could, started off with his staff. He walked fast and his staff helped him. When he grew tired and sat down to rest the staff, too, would lie quietly beside him, but it would become restless after a while and jump up, seeming to say, "Up, Coldfeet, come, let us go on." Then Coldfeet would jump up and off they would go up the mountains in a few leaps, down with a few jumps, and over the river at a single bound. At last he came to an open plain. The grass was green and there were daisies and buttercups and bluebells, and many cows eating grass. There must have been thousands of them, and dear little calves, too. Now Coldfeet always liked to tend cows, and when he saw so many he thought to himself, "Here is a chance for me to get something to do, but I wonder where the house is, for there must be some one near who owns these fine cows." His staff began to shake and pull him along. "Ah," thought he, "I will follow my staff; my mother said it would guide me." Coldfeet followed his staff, and soon he saw a large house with a red roof and a big front door. "Goodness!" thought Coldfeet, "a giant must live here, but I guess it will be all right to knock at the door, for my staff would not take me where I would be harmed." He knocked gently at the door, but it did not open, so he knocked louder; then he took his staff and gave three great knocks. This time the door flew open, and what do you think stood before him? A giant.

When the giant saw that he was not afraid he said: "Well, my boy, I want some one to tend the cows, and if you are not afraid of giants I will give you the job. You see, on the other side of the mountain there lives a giant with six heads. Now, every day he comes and carries off a hundred cows and the boy who tends them; so you see it's risky to take the job; but if you are willing, I will pay you handsomely, but you must kill the giant." Coldfeet did not like the idea of being carried off by the giant, but he thought of his poor old mother at home and how very happy she would be if he came home very soon with enough money to keep them. Then he thought, too, of what she told him about his staff. "Ah," he thought, "that will help me if I get in trouble; I will take the job."

He told the giant he would try if he would promise to give him a bag of gold and a nice fat cow for every day of his life. This the giant said he would do, but he must first kill the giant and plant the heads where they would fill up the valley and make a new mountain for the cattle to graze on.

So Coldfeet went out on the mountain to tend cows. The cows were lying down chewing their cud, and as Coldfeet was tired after his long tramp he thought, that he, too, would lie down under a tree to rest. He was careful to keep his staff in his hand, and he tried to keep awake for fear the giant might catch him unaware. He was so tired that he could not keep his eyes open; as soon as he would open them and say "Now I will not go to sleep," they would begin to close again. At last, just as he was going to sleep, he heard a voice, the loudest voice he had ever heard, roaring, "I smell the blood of a man from Erin; his liver I shall eat in my porridge tonight."

"Ha," thought Coldfeet, "here is my man, but I will peep around the trees to see how he looks before I get up to fight him." Coldfeet looked and saw coming toward him with great strides a giant about as tall as he was, but with six heads. "Never can I kill him," said Coldfeet to himself; then he felt his staff shake in his hand, as much as to say, "Do not be afraid; I will help you." This gave Coldfeet courage, and he got up and marched boldly up to the giant, and when the giant got close to him he waved his staff three times in the air, and then let it come right down hard on the top of one of the giant's heads, then on top of another, until all six had been smashed.

The giant was well pleased with what Coldfeet had done. He had been watching him all the time, although Coldfeet did not know it. He was sorry to lose so good and strong a boy, but he gave him the bag of gold that he had promised and told him every morning as long as he lived he would find a nice fat cow at his gate, and then he bade him good-by.

FLORENCE KRESSLER GRISWOLD.

PICTURES TO PAINT

Arabella, Nan, and Sue Are Very Plea sed to Meet With You.

OUR DOGS.

If you see a little doggie running up and down the town,
With a pretty silky coat, and eyes and ears of brown,
He's mine!
But if you see a doggie with a coat and tail awry,
With a very wicked glare in his very hungry ere,
He's thine!

A Good Joke on The Woodchuck

ONCE upon a time there was an old crab standing with one foot in the water and one on the land down at the pond in the pasture. This crab must have been feeling very bad, for he was crying hard, with the tears running down on his whiskers. Now, it happened that there was a big crow who was walking up and down the bank making funny tracks in the mud, and when he saw the crab he said: "Good afternoon, neighbor. What are you crying about on this fine day?"

"Trouble enough," said the crab. "That old woodchuck who lives up in the orchard has been abusing me. He put a stone over the door of my house and when I crawled out through the mud with sand in my eyes he just lay down in the smartweed and laughed. He said I was neither a beast nor a bird nor a fish."

"That was too bad," said the crow, and he walked around the crab and looked at him first with one eye and then with the other. By and by the crow asked: "Would you like to play a good joke on the woodchuck?"

"Yes, I would," answered the crab, wiping his eyes with his pocket handkerchief. "What can we do to him?"

The wise old crow looked all around to be sure that none of the mud swallows was listening, and then he whispered something to the crab and flew away toward the orchard.

After the crow had gone the crab went out to the edge of the water to wash his face and hands, and as he crawled along the swallows say they heard him actually laugh out loud.

The crow soon reached the woodchuck's house, which was under an old pine stump in the corner of the orchard, and there he found Mrs. Woodchuck out in the sun combing the children's hair.

"Good afternoon," said the crow. "Is my friend Mr. Woodchuck at home?"

"I am very sorry," said his wife, "but he has just gone down to the meadow to get some artichokes for supper."

"Well," said the crow, "I wanted to see him on important business, and I wish you would ask him to meet me down at the pond in the pasture just as soon as possible."

When the crow got back to the pond he found the crab waiting for him at the stone pier which the boys had made to stand on when they came down to fish for shiners and bullheads.

The crow told the crab to hide between two big stones until he heard him count "One, two, three," and then to creep out and pinch the woodchuck's tail like anything.

Before long the woodchuck came hurrying down to the pond. He was all out of breath and his eyes were wide open to see what important business the crow could have with him.

"Good afternoon," said the crow. "Come out on this big stone and I will show you the funniest thing you ever saw in your life."

"What can it be?" thought the woodchuck, as he walked carefully out on the edge of the pier. The crow stretched out his neck and looked over into the water, saying, "I think I can see on the bottom of this pond the silliest fellow in all the country."

And then as Mr. Woodchuck looked down into the water the crow counted "One, two, three."

You can guess what happened. The woodchuck was so scared when the crab pinched his tail that he tumbled off into the pond, and when he crawled out he was as wet as water and as dirty as mud; but the crab had crawled under a big stone and the crow had flown up into a tree, where he sat and laughed and laughed, and laughed.

"Do you think," said the crow, "that if Mrs. Woodchuck could see you now she would know whether you were a beast or a bird or a fish?"

But the woodchuck did not get mad, for he knew how to take a joke.

First he called the crab out and apologized for being so rude to him, and then he crawled up on the dry June grass and rolled over and over to get the mud off. The sunshine soon made him dry, but it was quite late when he got home, and Mrs. Woodchuck was beginning to get worried about him. When she asked him where he had been all the afternoon he would only say that he had had very important business with his friend the crow.

STORY OF THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER

"YES, we all lived in one large front yard on a great big bush," the Red Rose was saying, "and one day the lady who lived in the house came out with a little girl and pulled some of us from our mother bush, "Oh! how lovely," cried the little girl, and she carried us off.

"She went on the cars with us in her arms, and thus we left our old, old home. She loved us dearly and kissed us many times on our way. We rode on the open cars, as I said before, and when we got to her house she laid us down, and I was afraid that she would forget us, but no, she was not that kind. She got a pretty little vase and filled it with water, and then arranged us nicely.

"The next morning her Grandmother wanted to take one of us with her, but our new friend and mistress did not want us to be taken away, because she knew that we would die, but she finally let her Grandmother have one of us, and when she returned she said that she had been in water all day, but she died that night.

"We lived on for a few days longer; we were given fresh water every day, and we were very comfortable, but we had been taken away from our mother bush, and, of course, we could not live long. We now live in happy Rainbow Land."

KATHERINE BROOKS,
Age 14. 2464 Ontario Avenue, Washington, D. C.